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CERTAINTY.

Not for one single day
Can I discern my way.
But this I surely know,—
Who gives the day,
Will show the way,
So I securely go.

—John Oxenham.

Pacific School of Religion
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THE PACIFIC

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"THE FUTILE GOLD."

"The Futile Gold" is the caption of a chapter in a new book by the noted Alaskan missionary, S. Hall Young. The book sets forth some of the experiences during that great rush to the gold mines of the Yukon. In multiplied instances was it shown along the Chilcoot trail, on the waters of the Yukon and in Dawson, during that great stampede, how worthless gold actually is. "Twenty Dollars Offered for a Potato," was a sign on a cabin half way down the Yukon; and within, was a scurvy-bloated man, with teeth falling from swollen gums and legs blue-black, but not a potato to be had for even ten times twenty dollars. In Dawson that winter there were tons of gold in buckskin pokes, canvas bags, and old cans. "In the pursuit it had seemed the sum of all things good; in the attainment it was but a feeble and futile thing." Hundreds of dollars of it could not all that winter buy in Dawson a potato, an onion, an apple, a lemon, or an orange. Nor could any amount of it bring in so much as a letter to the homesick thousands who had not had a line from their loved ones for months. But what had those men endured and what had many of them done in order to get there? That trail, we are told, will never fade from the memories of those who essayed the fearful path. Many hadn't the courage to attempt it; many fell by the way, and it was in the outcome simply the survival of the fittest. Horses and mules as well as men had hard and awful experiences. "The trail pulled their shoes and broke their hoofs and skinned their legs as they staggered along heavy-laden; and now and again the crack of a revolver resounded as the owner of a broken-legged beast mericfully ended its life. Here and there were small blockades formed by fallen horses jammed in the crevices of the rocks and unable to rise out of the way of others. Occasionally rose quivering on the air the pitiful scream of a horse in agony; but always the merciless procession moved on like an army driven by a relentless general, reckless of the lives of his soldiers."

There was a parson on that trail, going in for treasure other than gold—something more satisfying not only in the finality but constantly. One day he saw not far ahead of him on the trail a young man who for some time had been giving his whole strength in an effort to keep his mule from plunging over the precipice or blocking the way of the others. The parson saw him speak to several for help, but none even halted. "They were driven by a relentless master. There is no slave-driver so cruel as the gold-lust." When finally the parson came alongside and said, "My friend, you seem to be in trouble; can I help you?" tears came into the eyes of the young man as he remarked: "I suppose I'm a fool, but I'm finding it out. I thought I had learned to put on a pack-saddle, but it appears I was mistaken. I have stood here for two hours and have asked a hundred men for help, offering to pay them for their time, but not one would stop."

Soon the heavy pack, ignorantly put on, was adjusted, and the frantic mule quieted. And then the parson mused: "These men are not inhuman brutes; they are simply dazed and beaten down by the repeated blows of unforeseen circumstances. . . . Their better selves will come to the surface after a while."

Of course this book, the title of which is "The Klondike Clan," shows that the better self was all along at the surface with not a few. But as we have turned its pages and have seen from time to time what the gold-lust and the stress of circumstances made many a man to be in those days, our thought has fixed on the industrial world and the hard, hard trails men everywhere are climbing in their seeking for gold. Here also it is "the survival of the fittest"; and rightly so, says the prevalent thought of the world today. We wonder how long the ruling, shaping thought of the world will have it so. Not always! But how long? No one can tell how long. But it is evident that the world has come to another "fullness of time." Christ is to be born in the world again. Through the cataclysm of the awful war in Europe, the blighting effects of which are being felt now all around the world, men and women are realizing as never before that no one liveth unto himself, and that the damage of one means the damage of all. Ever since the war began the masses of the people in this country have been paying for it increasingly, and today the added cost of living has become such that men and women everywhere are crying out at the burden. A few in our country are getting rich out of the war; some others are made more comfortable than they ever before have been, but the large majority are struggling harder than ever to make ends meet. And this will be a great factor in the securing of names to the mammoth petition soon to go to the President of the United States to lead the neutral nations of the world in a movement to bring the European war to and end, and in such a manner as will make war no more possible on the earth.

The end will come. If not in this way, then ere long in some other way. And then up out of the all horror of it, with awakened consciences and clearer vision, men and women will address themselves to the task of building our civilization on better foundations. It will not be done in a day of course. But the world will start more on the plane of brotherhood; and increasingly as they are chastened and guided will men realize that there is no other way than that which the Apostle had in mind when he wrote, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." "A new commandment I give unto you," said Christ—"that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." That is the commandment that God is urging on the world, and in one way and another we shall be brought to realize that riches and honor and fame are futile, that love, such love as Christ manifested—only this is satisfying; that all else is futile.

And now we put in one word the lesson that God is forcing home to men and women all over the world today; it is the lesson of **Interdependence.**

We have had much to say herein about gold being futile. But gold isn't always futile. It was a little gold in his possession that made it possible for that parson to be on that Klondike trail and to carry into those Alaskan wilds by word and by deed the life-giving message. But

gold accumulated as men generally have to accumulate it today, with so little of the altruistic spirit, because of the stress and strain of the way, will never satisfy. With respect to contentment, it is futile—never bringing it. "Thou hast created us for Thyself," cried Augustine, "and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee!"

If any reader of The Pacific has in mind a defense of business as it is run today generally, as countless men are compelled to carry it on with the self-centered conception of life which now rules to a large extent, let him study afresh, with the help and in the light of the best minds of the present day, the life and teaching of Jesus, and he will be likely to join the ever-increasing ranks of those who have come to see that the only hope of better days lies in the moralizing of industry by the spread of a new conception of the common good. Men and women the world over constitute one great family. We are as one body—each part as essential to each other and to the whole as the arms and the legs, the eyes and the ears of any one human body are essential to each other and to the whole body for its proper working.

More plainly today than ever before is written the lesson—

"No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rock of self-desire.
Nothing is living stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the social fire."

If the nations of Europe had learned and practiced that lesson before the year 1914, there would be no war in Europe today. In proportion as we all learn and practice it in all the relations of life, in the light of this terrible cataclysm and fearful chastening, will the world escape tribulation.

SOME THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A VISIT OF A METHODIST BROTHER TO THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS' MEETING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Rev. Paul Smith, pastor of Central Methodist Church, San Francisco, spoke at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers on "Church Union and Church Federation." Mr. Smith is president of the San Francisco Church Federation. He confessed to a lack of optimism as to church unity, but held to it nevertheless as the ideal thing.

Of course it will be slow in coming, but it will be helped along by the European war, as will many other good movements. Very few persons, perhaps, realize it now, but the unification of humanity, we have no doubt, will be found to have been greatly accelerated and advanced by this awful cataclysm—and that means more of unity in many respects. The thing is inexplicable from the human viewpoint and by human mind, nevertheless cataclysms seem as necessary in the making of man what he was designed to be as they were in making the world a place for habitation by him.

This is not to say that the Church will have to pass through a cataclysm; but it will meet with tribulation and will see its influence for good so waning year by year that it will be forced to unity by its very necessities.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." The Lord loves the Church, and the indications now are that he is going to give it a severe chastening until in more ways than this particular one it takes on more heavenly wisdom.

In the ever-changing cities, with population shifting constantly, very few churches of any denomination have any assurance of perpetuity. All around San Francisco bay dozens of churches will go out of existence in the next quarter of a century despite the growth of our cities unless Christian people come soon to the practice of supporting the neighborhood church—the church of their community, no matter what its denominational connection. Even then some would have to die, because they are too thickly planted.

Some day churches will be located very much as school houses now are—by the people for the people.

The excessive individualism of the present age in church matters as well as in matters industrial will be worked out of mankind ere long in one way and another. "God is descending from eternity,"

"Ideal peaks are possible to men.
Hold to the highest, resolute, and strong."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The vote for prohibition amendment No. 2 in Long Beach was 10,022. The vote against was 2,951.

Petitions are being circulated throughout Nevada asking the legislature which will convene soon to enact a prohibition law or submit an amendment to the people.

The Spokane Spokesman Review remarks that the overwhelming defeat of two liquor bills in the recent election in Washington proved that "public sentiment is vigorously behind the present prohibition law."

Thirty-six I. W. W. men from Washington stopped in Portland Wednesday of last week, enroute to California. It is said that about a thousand have left Washington or will leave soon. Will California get all of them?

A minister in Oregon says that when he went to that state twenty-five years ago there was only one newspaper in the state that openly opposed the saloon and the drink evil. That was the paper at Newburg.

The Oregonian states that the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon spent $11,314 in the recent campaign which put the state bone-dry "and perfected one of the most powerful inter-church and inter-society organizations that has ever been built up in any state to carry through a prohibition campaign."

The Stockton Record is one of the daily papers in California determined to make the campaign against the liquor traffic a continuous one, and remarks: "Our advice to all engaged in the traffic is to get out whenever opportunity offers. * * * It is the leading issue before the people today and cannot be side-tracked."

San Francisco stamped herself at the November election as a thoroughly rum-soaked city and desirous of continuing so. The vote on prohibition amendment No. 2 was 36,006 for and 112,972 against. This was the amendment which related to the saloons only and allowed the manufacture to continue for sale outside the state, and home consumption also.

"Whether we like it or not the prohibition wave is visibly sweeping around the world" says the Fresno Republican—the paper edited by Chester Rowell, that Progressive Republican prominent now in California affairs. We may slow it up by palliative methods for a while; and if we had been intelligent enough to begin them earlier we might have checked it entirely, especially as to the use of wine and beer. Whisky of course was always poison, and it was doomed whenever the world waked up to it."

Hiram Gill, Seattle's reformed mayor, addressed a temperance jollification in Portland recently, and gave this leaf from his own experience: "From a mere contributing member to my wife's church, unacquainted with any preachers, I have become friend of all of them. We work together. Now I like them as well as any saloon keeper or ward heeler I ever knew. I used to think I knew a lot, especially about politics. Since my recall by the women and preachers, whom I despised as incompetents, and the adoption of Prohibition which I did not think practical nor enforceable, but which has proved to be such, and at a time when I thought the odds were a million to one against it, I found I knew nothing about anything and even less about politics."

The Sacramento Union welcomes the movement to reduce the length of the saloon day as "a step in the right direction," and the closing of saloons on Sunday as "another wise step," but remarks concerning the effect, that it will bankrupt many places which have been able to live only because of their Saturday night and Sunday trade. As to the suggestion of the alarmed friends of the brewers and wine men that an alliance be formed between the wine men and the brewers for a movement to prohibit the sale of whisky and other high power drinks, the Union asks whether this is not just such legislation as these very parties, have all along been condemning. The conclusion is that "these things, coming from the men who assumed the position that the attempt to destroy the drink traffic was 'immoral,' have a strange appearance.

The Honolulu Friend says in some notes on the work of Central Union Church: "On the guest book for the summer the names of Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks stand out pre-eminent. It was a rare privilege to have them share the community life for six weeks and both carried 'sweetness and light' wherever they went. Dr. Brooks' illuminating and stimulating addresses at Central Union in the morning and at the Opera House in the evening, as well as his scholarly Wednesday night talks on 'The Religion of the Prophets' were helpful and inspiring. Other friends welcomed in church and prayer-meeting were Rev. Willard Brown Thorp, the brilliant minister of the First Congregational Church, San Diego; Rev. W. C. Merritt, the well-loved ex-president of Oahu College, now of Claremont, Cal.; Rev. Charles H. McVey of Kalihi Union Church, and Dr. R. D. Williams, president of the Mid-Pacific Institute."

Our Los Angeles correspondent gives a fine account of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Congregational Church at Claremont. We give here a quotation from a brief account by the Editor Emeritus of the Christian Evangelist of St. Louis: "Not a single note of discord one of the speakers said, had marred the history of this Claremont Church during the twenty-five years of its history. And that was the more remarkable, he declared, as the church contained representatives of about twenty different denominations. This certainly speaks highly of the character of the people and of the ministers who have served them. The associate pastor outlined his ideal of the church for the future which every representative of the Disciples of Christ could heartily approve. No religious body in Christendom is so near us in spirit and ideal as the Congregationalists. The future is bound to witness a closer coming together of these two religious forces, that need each other in order to their greater effectiveness. President Blaisdell arrived from an eastern trip just in time to say a few words about the college which is the heart and head of this community life. What a splendid contribution the Congregationalists have made to our national life and to our Christian civilization by their educational institutions for which they have always stood!"

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

No one can make the farmers of the middle West believe that times are not good when they receive $1.78 a bushel for their wheat, with a prospect soon of $2.

The acceptance of the call of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to City Temple, London, has been announced. Dr. Newton will not however go to London before next spring.

Mannattan Congregational Church, New York City, celebrated its twentieth anniversary last week. The Rev. Dr. Aked gave an address on "The Church and the Life of Today." President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary spoke on "The Message of the Church; Dr. John H. Finley, on "The Mobilization of the Church."

George C. Boldt, the man who runs New York's great hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, has found that "the falling off of alcoholic drinking in recent years is really astonishing—much more so than is generally imagined," writes Fred C. Kelly in a sketch of Boldt in the American Magazine. Mr. Brodt states that at banquets where formerly six different drinks were served to each guest, now there are frequently only two, probably a little sherry followed by champagne.

Mr. Gladstone once said regarding the preaching of the Christian Church: "The class of sermons which I think are most needed are the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. Lord Melbourne was once seen coming from church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed, 'It is too bad. I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy; but it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that which we have had this morning. The preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life.' "

The International Institute of Agriculture urges rigid economy throughout the world in the consumption of food. The Institute says that all nations are confronted with a grave situation. It is estimated that at least 2,300,000,000 bushels of wheat will be consumed in the year ending July 31, 1917, and that at the end of this period the world's surplus supplies of wheat will have decreased to 46,000,000 bushels. The report says it is only on account of the fact that last year's harvests were abundant, leaving a balance of 350,000,000 bushels, that there is available sufficient wheat for the year ending with next July.

Labor Temple, New York City, an enterprice now under the direction of the Presbytery of New York, is open all day and far into the night every day of the week and is a great center of religious activity. In the parish house and Labor Temple combined 360,000 people attended the meetings during last year. There is a staff of sixteen salaried workers giving full or part time to the activities. The American International Church in Labor Temple conducts services in five languages—English, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, and Ruthenian. While the church is only a little over a year old, there are more than 400 communicants in its membership. The Sunday school numbers 1,200 enrolled. At Labor Temple citizenship, study of English, fraternal

cooperation with labor unions, preaching services, Bible study, cooking classes, and all kinds of social activities are emphasized.

The Decennial Dinners of the Laymen's Missionary Movement will serve to renew, interest in the Movement which has accomplished a great deal in the ten years of its existence. As announced in The Pacific last week those meetings will begin on the Pacific Coast on the 8th of February and close at San Diego on the 2nd of March. At the dinner last week in New York City at Hotel Astor, the theme of the evening was "The Advance of A Decade—a Challenge to the Future." In the ten years of its activity the Movement has conducted three great national convention campaigns—one in Canada and two in this country. The last, which closed in the spring of this year, enlisted 103,000 Christian men for world service. A new method of church finance has been largely adopted, and as a result the contribution to missionary and benevolent causes, to better moral and religious conditions in America, has been even more largely increased, and the finances of the local churches greatly helped. The interest of men in the moral and religious condition of the world has been deepened and their generosity enlarged. The spirit of cooperation and church union has been advanced.

EXPERIENCE OF A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GIRL EN ROUTE TO THE MISSIONARY FIELD IN CHINA.

(The whole Pacific Coast is interested in Miss Bertha H. Allen whom the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific sent recently to Kindergarten teacher training work at Foochow, China. A letter from her to her people of the homeland came to the notice of the Editor of The Pacific, and he takes the liberty of presenting it in part to the readers of the paper this week and in part also next week.—Editor.)

On deck, south of Japan.
Oct. 17, 1916.

Dear People in the Home-land,

Here we are happily started toward Manila. I stopped my last letter with my first evening in Japan, with the rain and a real jinriksha ride. How I did wish all the folks at home could know how I felt and see me as the little man went splash, splash in the muddy darkness.

The next day we took the electrics to Tokyo, after watching the steamer coaling-gang rig up a stairway and form a relay line to pass the baskets of coal up to the bin. The car ride was beautiful in spite of the rain, with patches of green, with green hills covered with green trees, thatched houses with gardens growning along the ridge pole, scarecrows in the fields, and picturesque umbrella-ed crowds at every village crossing. All the Japanese who entered the car wore the rain clogs lifted by two pieces of wood from the ground. They would slip off their clogs, turn their feet up under them and calmly gaze out of the window.

On the car was a man going to a Baptist Conference in Tokyo who knew a friend of Mrs. Beach's, so he stuffed us into rikishas again and we started for the Conference too. The folks in Japan all go to the left instead of the right, and the rikisha men don't stop their jog for anything; they simply holler "Hoke' 'and the road is cleared! When we reached the church we had to have soft slipper covers put on over our shoes so we could walk on clean floors.

Upstairs we found Dr. Strong, who was just speaking, Miss Thompson and Miss Smith, all from our boat. It was a jolly surprise. Here we saw a lively kindergarten room and a dear little group of day-nursery tots eating their rice with chopsticks around a low table. Mrs. Beach's friend Mr. Gressitt insisted on taking us to tiffin with him and we had a delightful time with his two dear little children.

All through Japan we have had to be very careful not to drink any water unboiled, nor eat any fish uncooked, nor fruit which coudn't be peeled, nor uncooked vegetables, because of the cholera.

Our round trip to Tokyo cost 99 sen, a bargain! It was lots of fun handling Japanese money for 2 sen is 1c., 100 sen is 1 yen, therefore 1 yen is 50 c., and I felt very rich with so much money. However, when I had to spend 10 sen to buy a single stamp I decided I wasn't as rich as I had thought!

After lunch Miss Mitchell and I took the electric car all alone clear across the city, including one transfer and a long rikisha ride out to Mr. Asano's mansion where he (the head of our steamship company) was giving a reception for the Shinyo passengers.

We arrived in a downpour, went up the wide steps, were met by dainty Japanese maids who slipped the covers over our shoes and directed us to the luxurious dressing room. A man who spoke some English guided us up the wide stairway, past carvings and wonderfully painted cherry blossom walls into an upper hall where we could see out across the bay. A register book was presented for our signatures, then we were ushered into ceremonial tea (dark green and frothy) in little bowls. At each place was a red paper square with six oddly shaped candy cookies. These we tasted, then a girl would come and bow to let us know that she would wrap them up so we could take them as souvenirs.

Again we rushed down to the main reception room where we met Mr. Asano, a pleasant gentleman, and his wife, and were seated at a little table. While we watched a wonderful sleight of hand performance, we ate tiny meat sandwiches, tea, cakes and a dainty gelatine wrapped tamale fashion in bamboo leaves. It was a gay and interesting experience. The room was filled with our fellow passengers and everything was done for our pleasure. After the performance one of our men moved a vote of thanks and we all held up our hands. Mr. Asano bowed and we all filed out after telling him "Sayanara" (goodbye).

After leaving this beautiful Japanese mansion we bumped back to the station, buttoned tightly into our rikshas, with the train beating on the roofs.

It is very easy travel around in the trains, for every turn in the stations is plainly labeled. I could not get used to having the train come on the left hand track, but the block system of signals in some places looked just like East Los Angeles and very familiar! The cars had upholstered seats along the sides, 1st class, white (which hardly a person uses), 2nd. class, blue (very popular), and 3rd. class, red. Stripes painted along the sides of the cars show what each class is, also the numerals which I recognized as Foochow-ese.

It seemed like getting home to go aboard the Shinyo again, even if our crowd had diminished. The clank of the derricks unloading cargo all night didn't keep us awake a minute, and in the morning we were ready to start out in the beautiful sunshine to visit Kamakura.

Seven of us went to the railway station and willing porters helped us buy our tickets. Miss Mitchell gave her porter a Lincoln penny and told him what it was. Immediately he was a center of attraction for even the travelling people wanted to see the wonderful sight!

Many from our boat were on the train and we had a wonderful hour's ride through a picture book. The country was beautiful, green little trees on picturesque hill-

sides with tiny villages snuggled at their feet. Some of the roofs were beginning to sprout!

At Kamakura was a long line of "mushroom" men (as I call them because of their hats) with their rikshas. We climbed in and made quite a parade as we started down the street to the Hachiman Temple. It was great to have the tops back and enjoy the sunshine, the fascinating shops, and the children galore. Every one seemed to be having wash-day and kimonos were strung by their sleeves on bamboo poles, and plain pieces of cloth were stretched on boards while wet and stood in the sun. It was all so interesting!

The temple was a typical one with a stone bridge so steep we could hardly get across, the steps, the little side buildings, the trees and walks, the high gates, the money box and the sacred shrine. Doves were flying all around and the place was damp and shady and quiet. It really was a relief to climb into our "go-carts" again, even if it was beautiful and just like the pictures. Away we went this time southward across the town to the famous Daibutsu Buddha. Our riksha men had changed passengers and we decided it was because the smallest man had the largest load and they were equalizing.

Many shaggy ponies are hitched to carts and led along to carry heavy things. As we rounded a curve, one of these strong minded "beasties" was being pulled by a man, and it started straight at me. The riksha men all "hoked" and for a minute I thought I'd rather be on the pony's back, but the pony man used all his "pull" and we emerged on the other side laughing, my man much more excited than I!

The road winding to the Buddha is lined with most interesting and varied shops; cakes, fruits, lanterns, vegetables, pottery, birds, mats, and babies! At last we descended from our perches, followed our guide thru a gate, past little shrines, up steps until we found ourselves in a beautiful setting of tress looking up at the benign-looking Buddha.

Miss Mitchell, Miss Johnson and I decided we wanted to see the little island of Enoshima, which was so emphasized in the guide books. We bought a ticket and entered a funny chopped oq car and went winding out among fascinating villages where we could reach out of the car window and almost touch the frail, tooth-pick houses, past quaint scenes of rice cutting and among tiny garden spots.

Not being sure we were to get off at Katase, I showed our ticket to the conductor and motioned questioningly toward the door. He couldn't understand but finally took out his map and we saw that Katase was the nearest stop to the island, so we left the car amid much goodnatured laughter from those on board.

Up another more village-y street we went, watching the people eating their rice and tea, thru the open fronts of their shops. One lady came out to offer us some grass sandals, an invitation to take off our shoes and come in to buy some tea. But we smiled and shook our heads! In one place fish and wiggly-shaped eels were drying; in another place we saw the process of making wooden clogs.

Suddenly we came to the end of the street and found ourselves on a beautiful sandy beach with Fujiyama rising out of the clouds to our right (our first glimpse of it) and a wiggly rustic bamboo bridge half a mile long stretching before us across the shallow water to a green mountain island just opposite us. This we knew must be Enoshima. What fun it was to cross that bridge draped with fishnets, and surrounded by huge fish baskets and fishing boats. It was beautiful to look back at the rugged green coastline with its tiny nestling villages.

At the other end of the bridge a sign greeted us "Toll 3 sen" and an old man with a pipe held out a ticket. We were sure that it would be worth one and a half cents to explore the island, and it was! Up another shoplined street we went. A gateway opened into a tantalizing yard. We stepped inside to look, a man emerged from behind the rockery and seemed to be offering to show us around. We asked "Is it a temple?" He could not understand. "Is it a hotel?" we tried again. He knew "hotel" for he shook his head and pointed up to the top of the hill where we knew there was one. Suddenly an inspiration struck him; he tipped back his head, poked his finger at his mouth and said, "Whiskey"! We decided it was time to depart!

The shops on this street were supposed to appeal to a tourist's eye, but we could have given them lots of pointers, for their stock consisted of shells strung on wires into little basket shapes and little useless nicknacks at which no one would look twice. At the end of the street we sat on a box and peeled some apples for our lunch, all we dared to try. Little children in gay kimonas hopped about on their sandals pretending to be playing but really looking to see what those three funny women would do next. We scorned the idea of the funny old man who came out to offer to be our guide and started at our own pace up the woodsy, winding path. The views were superb; imagine rounding a curve of this path and suddenly seeing down the slope, over the ferns and thru the pines a quaint village tucked in a fold of the little island. Beyond it stretches the blue ocean, dotted with fishing sails and over all reigns the far-off blue peak of Fuji.

BERTHA ALLEN.

DEBATING BAPTISM.

Robert Whitaker.

The article which is quoted in The Pacific of November 23, 1916, from a recent issue of The Northwestern Advocate concerning the debate held among the Disciples of Christ at Canton, Ohio, seems to me worthy of a word of comment from the point of view of actual conditions here on the Pacific Coast. The question as stated was, "Should the Churches of the Disciples of Christ receive into their membership persons who bring credentials of membership from other evangelical Churches without demanding that such persons who have not been immersed in water should be so immersed before being received?" The comment is very natural and altogether reasonable, "How could that be made a matter of debate?"

How could it, indeed, in this day and generation of the world, when so many real issues are before the people, be a question of public concern as to whether one evangelical church would receive members from another evangelical church without insisting upon a certain bit of ritualistic literalism? And what does it argue concerning the intelligence of the community, and the moral earnestness of Christian people that thousands would flock to a debate on such an infinitesimal issue?

But incredible as the fact may seem is it not well for us to face it as a fact, and to recognize further that although debates on such issues are rather rare today, because of popular impatience with them in most sections, there is nevertheless a far more important emphasis of such incidentals than most liberal minded people recognize or are willing to allow?

We may flatter ourselves that so advanced a community as Berkeley would laugh out of court the raising of such

an issue for public debate. But it is neverthless a fact that a Christian minister of the highest moral standing and of exceptional intellectual ability and Christian devotion is dis-fellowshipped by his denomination because he dares to lead his church in such a comprehensive fellowship of faith, and will not unchurch his brethren who do not conform to the letter of his own baptismal observance. Neither his moral standing, nor his intellectual equipment, nor his spiritual quality avail against his denial of denominational exclusiveness, but rather is his attitude toward baptism counted of more consequence than all of these. And lest it may seem to some that the disfellowshipping of such a man by his own denomination is due to some defect of emphasis in the man himself, some erraticism of idea or conduct otherwise, let me make this statement and challenge. It is a fact, and I challenge any Baptist paper of standing to deny it, that if any minister of the Baptist dneomination, for instance, in California, however much above suspicion as to his views on the Deity of Christ, the Atonement, Salvation by Faith, and the Judgment, were nevertheless to openly advocate receiving Christians from other evangelical churches of the same unquestioned orthodoxy, without immersion, and were to so persuade his church, both he himself and his church would be promptly cast out of fellowship by his Baptist brethren and by other Baptist churches. I will be even more specific, and will say, taht if Dr. Burlingame, or Dr. Towner, or Dr. Pitt, pastors respectively of the First Baptist Church in San Francisco, in Oakland, and in Berkeley, were, without any loss of moral standing or any other change of doctrinal definition, to espouse the idea of receiving into their churches Methodists or Congregationalists of indubitable orthodoxy without requiring them to be immersed any one of these men would be cast out, and would not only be refused fellowship, but would find it practically impossible to get even so much as a public hearing for their changed views. If I am wrong in this matter let any one of them deny that this is so.

This is not the whole case against those churches which are still titheing the mint and anise and cummin of ceremonial orthodoxy, and making it of more consequence than Christian character or evangelical doctrine. When I was in Philadelphia five years ago the minister of one of our churches in that neighborhood made this statement to me. "There are many of our ministers," he said," Who are ready for open membership, and many of our churches. If we could get twenty of them to act together, and open their doors, there would be sufficient weight of numbers to carry it through. But if any one church does it alone that church will be cast out."

In the same issue of The Pacific is given a vigorous letter from a Massachusetts Unitarian minister impeaching the sincerity of Mr. Sunday because the notable evangelist plays one tune toward Unitarianism when he is facing some lone Unitarian church in the west, and another tune when he is the guest at a Unitarian meeting in Boston.Without staying to discuss Mr. Sunday's consistency in this connection let me ask how much more sincere is the course of our ministers and churches in general when everybody knows that it is only necessary for twenty Christian churches to do what the First Christian Church of Berkeley has done, or twenty Baptist churches to follow in the steps of the First Baptist Church of Los Gatos for both denominations to play a different tune with reference to this whole issue of open membership?

Meanwhile, though debate on such a question seems indeed an anachronism in this day and age of the world, neverthless I will gladly, for the sake of greater freedom of faith, and a more courageous Christian consistency all around, be happy to meet on any public platform in California any minister of standing in either the Christian fellowship or the Baptist fellowship, to discuss with him whether this baptismal exclusiveness ought to prevail in either denomination, or whether either denomination in its present practice is open and sincere in any large degree.

Los Gatos, Cal.

THE WAR AND THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

By William C. Allen.

One day during the summer of 1916 in London, when walking out Victoria street from Westminster Abbey, I noticed within a stone's throw of that beautiful old structure and under the shadow of it the offices of the great armament concerns, John Brown & Company, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Company, Ltd., Vicker's, etc. Then I remembered how shares in these huge firms are owned by prominent church members, how the priests of the church in the name of the non-resisting Christ have faith in, bless and glorify the products of their mills, how the church is admittedly the backbone of the war system, and how week by week prayers ascend from grand old Westminster Abbey, as well as from countless other places of worship in the realm for triumph over the enemies of England. Can God become confused about such matters, even though men do? Anyway, it seems perfectly appropriate that the offices of the trade which in its very nature creates mutual international fears and jealousies should thus be nestled close under the spires of the noble edifice which represents the organization that of all others supports war and preparation for it.

I heard an Englishman remark last summer, "The moral and spiritual things are at a discount just now; the divine in man is blurred, ruined and desecrated." He said that when he would quote "What the Lord Jesus Christ says," he would be met with the reply "Oh; yes, yes, yes! we know all about the Lord Jesus Christ; but we live in very serious times and cannot think about these things." My own conversation with many Christians discovered this to be the general attitude of laity and clergy alike.

Succeding the outbreak of the war, many churches were thronged with people who joined in prayers for success to their arms. This gave the appearance of a religious revival, and was largely considered and has been spoken of as an indication of such. But with deferred hope as to speedy victory the apparent religious fervor has passed away. The ministers of the Established Church and of the Non-conformist bodies now deplore that their places of worship are neglected and that so few attend communion services. In conversation or newspapers they ask in pained amazement "Why?"

Really the matter is not very mysterious. The plain people may not all have the religion that some would like them to have, but many of them have a fair degree of common sense and appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. A good many church communicants feel that war is in essence wrong, and are dubious as to an assumed possibility of "Satan being able to cast out Satan." Then too, if you are persuaded that under certain circumstances it is right to kill men by wholesale and in other ways violate the spirit of the gospel, it certainly is not harmful to refrain from going to church.

Some men and women are brave enough to denounce the preachers for trailing at the skirts of politicians and armament people, who in turn are obeying the wishes of those animated by greed or who are involved in secret treaties.

No sophistry can appeal to these objectors. They are derided for quoting the New Testament and are ostracised by their friends because they are deemed unpatriotic. I met one such man at a Friends' meeting for worship, who said that he had fled to their simple way of waiting upon God because it was the only place that he had found where human slaughter was not exalted in the name of the Lord Jesus.

One day in England recently I met with a Christian gentleman who has been identified with large business interests which had frequently taken him to Germany for many years. He spoke of the decline in church attendance and how it has been accompanied by a deadening of the spiritual life in that country during the past forty years. His statements agreed most fully with common observation and with the statistical position in Christian countries during the past few decades; namely, that in proportion to the development and building of great armies and navies, so has infidelity increased and church attendance and maintenance declied.

England has not been so spiritually depleted as Germany in this respect, but it is no exception to the rule. The expansion of her navy has been accompanied by a national lowering of the obligations of religion. It seems as if you cannot direct your minds towards war or toward preparation for war without blurring the spiritual perceptions and losing grip upon the fundamental moral attributes which make a nation virile and great.

On my voyage out last spring I spoke upon the subject of love at Divine Service one beautiful Sabbath morning. At the conclusion a lady attired in black came to me and said "Mr. Allen, I have been so thankful to hear what you have preached today. If the ministers of the gospel would all preach as you have this terrible war would not have happened." She then, with tears, informed me that one month before her only child, a lad of 21 years of age, had been killed in action in France. I also addressed the service on the return voyage. The officiating clergyman read the prayers for the triumph of the foes of England. At the conclusion of the service a gentleman smilingly said to me "Mr. Allen, do you know that your address and the prayer were in direct contradiction of each other?" I told him I could not help but know that such was the cace. Yet a number of the participants in that service seemed very glad of a simple effort to protest on behalf of what we all know are the commands of Christ. A Christian (British) on the ship remarked to me "I am glad to get away from England; the spirit of the people seems terrible to me. I could not go to church once during the ten months I was there. I do not see how people can worship whilst such terrible things are going on." A young lady, also a subject of the British Empire, said that for almost two years she had not been to church, adding "the preaching is all about how bad the Germans are, and how good we are, and I got sick of it and quit."

I know of a preacher who not long ago appealed to the Sunday School children of his congregation to save their pennies, for every 15 shillings 6 pence would buy 124 cartridges wherewith to kill the Germans. The demoralization to the spiritual understanding of ministers that develops from the attitude they have assumed toward the war is still more disastrous. A friend of mine was one day pleading with a friend of his, a clergyman, for the exercise of a different spirit toward the Germans. The minister confessed "I have been preaching 'love your enemies' for many years, but now I would blow out the brains of every German I met." Again, said a preacher to a friend of mine, when discussing the effect of the war upon his faith, "I am more of an atheist than anything else." The same friend of mine, when talking to another minister, was astounded to have him say "Frankly, I do not carry a New Testament around with me any more."

Indeed, the New Testament is at a discount just now, it has to be under such circumstances. Last summer a curious incident made cynical England laugh. The good Bishop of Oxford had not long before the war published a book in which he had quoted the New Testament to prove our Lord's teachings regarding some of these matters. Not long ago the censor got hold of the book, and because of such dangerous doctrines ordered the confiscation of any copies that could be seized. It was very funny, but very sad. Considerable newspaper comment followed the incident, along with real and semi-serious suggestions that the New Testament itself be censored as being "quite unfit for the patriotic times in which we live."

Probably the Y. M. C. A., has come to the front during the war more than any other religious or moral agency. It is in many respects doing splendid work at home and behind the trenches. Happily the United States Y. M. C. A., has not become entangled in the international position. Whilst granting the value of the work of the English Y. M. C. A., I confess that it was with considerable of a shock that I discovered one day when stepping into their building in London how fully it was committed to recruiting and in other ways promoting the war. I was interested in the beautiful small editions of the New Testament with a facsimile of an endorsement of its value to soldiers on the fly leaf from the pen of Lord Roberts. Will the young soldiers read the sermon on the Mount or the last verses of the 12th Chapter of Romans? I bought in this Y. M. C. A., a postal card of the Camp Silhouette Series representing bayonet practice, humorous, or tragic as you please, representing men at the charge or sticking their bayonet into the dummy human forms they are attacking. Surely, this does not seem like our ideals of the Y. M. C. A.

The London Daily News and other newspapers report of how fully and frankly Dr. Tasker dealt with the present condition of Methodism in England at the Conference held in London this year. Allusion was made to a "dismal decade," and to the fact that the net decrease in church members was over 5000 this year. The Ex-president, Dr. Moss, said that there were no general signs of the revival of the work of the Lord in their midst. It was stated that this position was not due to the absence of the spirit of God, but the minds of their people were necessarily preoccupied.

The attitude of labor has meanwhile become more distinctly unfriendly than ever toward the churches. The Western Morning News of Plymouth this fall when referring to the Trades Union Congress held in Birmingham refers to an attack on the clergy in connection with the army. The following resolution was passed: "This Congress regrets the unfair privilege which has been given by the Government to members of the clerical profession by granting them exemption from the Military Service Act." The leader who introduced this resolution said that "the best place to convert a parson to Christianity was to send him to the front (laughter) * * * The workers had to fight, yet able bodied parsons and ministers were exempted. Great lawyers had done something in the war by creating the 'Devil's Own,' would it not be well for parsons to follow the example and create a 'God's Own'? (Hear, hear!) He could not see why these men who talked so much of Heaven should be afraid to go there (much laughter." On card vote the motion was carried.

Does this action on the part of the Trades Union Congress indicate that, rightly or wrongly, very many working men feel that the churches have helped to force them reluctantly into the hated war and conscription? Does it

mean that the churhes have lost their hold on the Master and with it their grip on the masses? Can the American churches learn from these things?

The National Mission of Repentance and Hope is being inaugurated by the churches as a medium through which the people of England may be brought back to God. There has been no intimation that its promoters intend to face the problem of war. A writer in a widely read Church of England paper has said "Will the Church of England lead the world into the path of international peace? When will the Church see that the ultra-militaristic attitudes which she has chosen to adopt is lowering her in the eyes of ordinary men?"

San Jose, Cal.

VIEWS OF A SCOTTISH EDUCATOR ON "THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCH."

At the recent opening of the joint sessions of the University Divinity Hall and New College, Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Patterson, one of the professors, spoke on "The Crisis of the Church," and made the statement that "the movement away from the church and from its doctrines was due in large measure to impulses and aims which were not merely respectable, but were rooted in the better side of human nature, and which could partly claim the benediction of the Kingdom of God."

These impulses he considered under the heads of the offense of the "wise" who pleaded the love of truth, of the "earnest," who said they were repelled by the failure of the church to satisfy their highest conceptions of what it should be, and of the "multitude," who pleaded the church's detachment form their well-being.

In the domain of literature, Professor Paterson said, there had in recent times been a steadily widening breach with the Christian faith. Among Englishmen of letters it had not been easy recently to find a second good poet with Christian convictions, who could be placed beside Francis Thompson. Their two greatest novelists had lost faith even in the providential government of the world, and their most brilliant dramatist, while he undoubtedly shared the sympathies of the good Samaritan, reminded them chiefly of the cleverness of Goethe's Mephistopheles—except that Mephistopheles had a more positive creed, and that he sometimes trembled. Their most popular essayist, fortunately, had placed a paradoxical policy at the service of Christianity as he understood it. Similar remarks Professor Paterson thought could be made of the newspapers and contemporary literature of lesser importance.

Whether this state of things was more the misfortune of the church or literature was matter for argument. It was certainly to the loss of literature. On the other hand, it was certainly a calamity for the church that the succession, which included Dante and Milton, had come to an end, and not less that a great mass of the mediocre literature in which their generation found rest and refreshment seemed to belong to a different world from that in which the gospel was preached and the sacraments administered

A cause of offense to earnest people was that the church in virtue of the fact that it was an institution was disposed to follow the paths of expediency. In the patristic and medieval periods the church was a nursery of heroism. The heroic tradition was carried over into the older Protestantism by Reformers, Puritans, and Covenanters; but more recently it seemed to have said, in weighing the cardinal virtues, that the greatest of these was prudence. It had, however, to be remembered as to the accusation of timidity, in championing unpopular causs or in denouncing popular prejudices and even vices, that most of the questions upon which the church might have taken a bolder and more aggressive line were more or less controversial matters among good men, and something was to be said for the view that the church was right in confining itself in the main to "the propagation of Christian principles and to the endeavor to form Christian character."

Speaking of the widespread alienation of the working classes from the church, Professor Paterson held that while the contemptuous attitude of the democratic school was unjust, it was true that the church, and especially the Protestant church, was too much bound up with the middle-class view of human society and of social problems, and that unless it could deepen and broaden its democratic sympathies it would more or less lose its influence over the general life of the nations.

The decay of ecclesiastical authority which was also responsible was an obvious result of the divisions of Christendom, and in particular the subdivisions of Protestantism. The world, which expected to be authoritatively taught, had inevitably found itself puzzled and repelled by the spectacle of a Christendom torn by internecine strife; and it certainly had not disposed the Protestant nations to respect the church and to feel confidence in its message when it heard a babel of voices as to the nature of the Gospel, and witnessed a competition for patronage which resembled the devices of the market-place.

It would therefore seem that the gradual reconsolidation of the Christian church was a necessary condition of the recovery of the measure of ecclesiastical authority which had a legitimate place in human affairs, as it certainly met an admitted need of human nature.

The perpetuity of the church was guaranteed by the permanent needs of mankind, and not less by the special conditions of the modern world, as well as by a divine promise, which was well supported by history; and history also encouraged them to look for another revival of its life, which would bring the courage, strength and wisdom needed for grappling with their heavy remaining problems, both in the ecclesiastical and in the social sphere.

THE BRITISH FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATON.

The Rev. Leyton Richard, the secretary of the Council of the British Fellowship of Reconciliation, gave an address last week in New York City, in which he contrasted the life of the world nationally, industrially, and socially, with the Christian ideal set forth in Christ. He said in part:

"Fundamental in Christ's teaching about life is reverence for human personality, emphasis upon the potential worth of every individual. A really Christianized society would be a society which would consciously and constantly aim to produce, and test itself by its success in producing, higher and finer types of individuals. Therein lies the antthesis between the warring spirit in the world and the spirit of Christ. The essence of the spirit that makes competition, and eventually war, is absolute contempt for the value of the individual.

Why War Means Contempt for Men.

"Consider the question from the point of view of all the people involved. First, war means contempt for the man who fights. It means that he is to sink his will and mind and conscience in the will of the mob. It means that he must act upon orders regardless of whether those orders call upon him to do a thing contrary to all his convictions. Any army manual proves this. No army system can work unless the men are drilled to act instantly and unquestioningly on command. You can't have moral scruples

when you are called on to hurl a bomb into a dug-out in which there may be a score of men. The effectiveness of the organization is based on subordination and disregard of the individuals called upon to take a part in the business of fighting, who are used for the ends of statecraft or commercial ambition.

"Realizing this, we look about upon our society of today. Is not something of the same spirit embodied in our system of peace? The philosophy of the industrial system, which hires a man's labor at the price it can be bought, rating him by the job and not by his worth as a man, using him for the purposes of others—all this is simply another expression of the same spirit. We know what the wages of women mean today; we know that many and many have been forced to eke out a living by dishonor. What is the difference between the employer who underpays his men or women and the ruler, knowing what it costs, who sends soldiers to the trenches?

Contempt for the Enemy.

"Second, warfare means contempt for the man who is fought. The enemy is considered simply as a thing, to be blasted out of the way by destructive force, not as a man who may be open to the appeal of friendliness and generosity. He is an obstacle to be exterminated, without regard either to him or to all the people related to him. Indeed, the whole philosophy of fighting inevitably involves the theory that other people, other nations, are like dangerous beasts, bent upon murder and rapine, and plunder, and not open to any approach of human good will. The whole slaughter in Europe could never have been made possible without leading the people of all the countries to feel that their neighbors were malicious and selfish, without teaching them to despise and fear other nations.

Our Commercial System.

"Again, we look at our commercial system. Do we not find the same spirit, in the ethics of competition? Your competitor—do you dare think of him as a man? Can you consider his aspirations, the needs of his family, in your attempt to capture his profit? Can the big corporation think of the little business man, struggling in the endeavor to maintain himself against its power to crush his enterprise? It is the same spirit that finds issue in war.

Contempt for Men Who Will Not Fght.

"Finally, the war system means contempt for the man who will not fight. That is a constant fact, both in war and peace. It is evident in England at war today, in the persecution and peril even of death which thousands of conscientious objectors are facing as they have faced it steadily for months; and it is cropping out in America, at peace as yet, in connection with your 'preparedness' movement. Contempt, attempted compulsion, and, if necessary, extermination of the man who will not violate the spirit of love.

"Once again, is not the same thing true of the business and social world generally? How about the man who has a scrupulous regard both for honesty, and more than that, for the just desires of his fellows—does commerce offer equal opportunities to him with the man who fights according to the rules of the game? It may not defeat him, if he is sufficiently intelligent, but it penalizes him in the strife of misleading advertising, speculation, rate-cutting, and throttling combination that prevails today.

"All this means that a man who sincerely faces the world in a faith that the teaching and life of Christ point a right way of life for men finds himself in opposition to the entire world order. These things have got to be faced; Christian people have got to see the way through if they would hold to their Christianity. Alone, we could not do it, for the powers ranged on the other side are too complicated and great. The effort is a venture of faith, in the belief that, with this enterprise go the will and power of God."

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Klondike Clan. By S. Hall Young. The author tells us in a "Foreword": 'This book is an attempt to depict the scenes of the great Klondike stampede as they occured, and the stampedes as they were. The incidents are more history than fiction. The characters are types. Some of them are attempted portraits, others are composites, still others are ideals. Many of the adventures ofthe story occurred under the personal observation of the author or that of his friends. 'The Parson' is in no sense or degree a portrait of any one man; much less of the author himself. Many of his adventures, deeds and words are actualities, but the man is an ideal—rather what the author and others would like to have been, than what they were." Attempting as it does to depict with fidelity and truth the indomitable, joyous, humorous and earnest spirit of the pioneers of the Northwest, the book is one that will have a wide reading. Our editorial "The Futile Gold" lays hold of some of the Klondike experiences pictured in this book. **Fleming H. Revell Company, $1.35 net.**

Applied Religion For Every Man. By Nolan R. Best. The Rev. William P. Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, writes in an introductory note to this book: "There are still prophets of God who stand upon the watchtower to hear what God will say, and to declare his messages without fear, but not without love to hns people. For many months and years the front page of **The Continent** has been such a watch-tower, whence prophetic and stirring calls have come to the Church of God. Many there are who would gladly join in saying that we have turned with eagerness each week to these editorials, and never have we failed to find herein enlightenment and stimulus for the doing of the will of the Living God." Thirty-one of these articles, all of ever-living value, have been gathered together in this book. We give a few of the captions: Social Religion More than Social, The Successful Man's Debt, Lending God a Hand, Can't Church People Be Bigger?, Salesmen for Religion, Christ's Sliding Scale, Dodging Sainthood, The Church than Can Afford to Lose. Here are a few thoughts: "Just to be cosmic instead of parochial would be a transformation that would magnify the church from little to vast at a stroke."* * *"Has anybody ever tried to imagine what a marvel the Church of Christ would be in a selfish world if it should become unselfish?"* * *The community where was planted the church that could afford to lose would be thinking not of the church but of the Christ whom the church would be always thrusting forward." **Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; $1.00 net.**

The Genius of Elizabeth Anne. By Mabel H. Robbins. It has been said of this book: "A study, of a child's mind —humorous and tender. The wit of some of the characters reminds one of Mr. Dooley. It is a tale of humble life in the crowded city, something of the type of Mrs. Wiggs, and not suffering by the comparison. **The Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.25 net.**

The Mountains Of The Morning. By Guy Fitch Phelps. A story of adventure and of love in one of the valleys of the west, inhabited by men untamed by contact with the

life of the thickly-settled places of the land! A young preacher goes in, and soon proves himself to be a man of such mettle as to become gradually a great moulding force among the rough mountain men, miners, and ranchmen. The author depicts graphically the wild human life and the beauties of nature. A wholesome presentation of the wild and adventurous. **Abingdon Press, New York; $1.35 net.**

Frederica Dennison, Spinster. By Elizabeth Price. A strong story of helpfulness. The young woman in the story had such a genius for being helpful that she not only helped many of her companions over hard places but unconsciously all the while helped herself along in the hearts of the people and finally so into the heart of one man that on the last page of the book we read, "Frederica Sophia Dennison Lucas—no longer spinster, but happy wife. **Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.25 net.**

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF CLAREMONT CHURCH.

Celebration Of Quarter Century Birthday A Great Occasion.

The celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Claremont Church which took place Nov. 5-7 was an event of great interest, not only to Congregationalists but to the community at large. This picturesque church on the edge of the campus of Pomona College I venture to say, stands alone in the history of churches in this country in that its membership includes no less than twenty different denominations worshipping in perfect peace and harmony under its hospitable roof. It is a Union Church, spelled advisably with a capital U. Though outspokenly and unequivocally Congregational in its affiliation, it is a conspicuous example of the special virtues of tolerance, sympathy and fellowship.

The celebration of this quarter-century anniversary lasted three days beginning with Sunday, Nov. 5th when a fine historical sermon, written by the pastor Dr. Kingman was read by Professor D. H. Colcord, the serious illness of Dr. Kingman preventing his presence—the only cloud upon the joyous occasion. Monday evening a delightful organ recital was given by Professor W. E. Hartley of the Pomona College School of Music, Tuesday, which was election day and a holiday, proved ideal for the informal exercises held in the Greek Theater and a large number of old and young came to the picnic luncheon with well-filled baskets to enjoy the good cheer and genuine friendliness that always prevail in the Claremont Church gatherings.

Dean E. C. Norton was toastmaster and the singing of some of the good old hymns, led by Prof. Arthur Dart Bissell and a volunteer choir composed of members of the choirs of past years, opened the program. Rev. W. O. Wark, pastor of the Pomona Congregational Church, spoke of its close connection as the "Mother Church" whose tender sympathetic care has always been over the daughter church at Claremont the forty-nine charter members of which came from the Pomona Church.

Dr. F. W. Thomas, pioneer physician of Claremont, also spoke reminiscenty of the early days when the church was organized and for thirteen years its house of worship was the college chapel in the old Holmes Hall.

Mrs. S. M. Kinney, widow of the third pastor of the church spoke of the "impossible" accomplished in the building of the present edifice when numbers were few and resources slender. Rev. A. B. McLeod, the recently appointed associate pastor, gave an inspiring call to the forward look of the church of the next generation when "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." W. C. Merritt paid a fine tribute to the ministers who have served the church and President Blaisdell spoke of the college as a tribute to Christian civilization and of the close ties that have always existed between it and the church. Prof. Colcord gave an original poem "Men of Stone," to the pioneers of Pilgrim stock "pithed with hardihood" who laid the foundations strong and sure for that christian life that is so strong a characteristic of Claremont. Altogether, it was a glorious occasion and one long to be remembered in the annals of both church and college.

Albert W. Palmer At Pomona.

The course of lectures just concluded by Dr. Albert W. Palmer of Oakland at the college on the occasion of the week of prayer aroused an interest almost unprecedented in the history of the institution and was comparable only to that created by the course given a year ago by Dr. Fitch of Andover. The lectures were on the general theme of "The Social Applications of Christianity" and Dr. Palmer discussed in a very practical and highly interesting fashion the modern problems that face the world today. His manner of address and his delightful presentation are especially fascinating to young people and to college audiences in particular. The strong, forceful personality of the man behind the message was a source of wonderful inspiration to the students who regard it a supreme privilege to have had Dr. Palmer at Pomona. Coming just at the time of the great political interest in our own country, and of the disturbance on the other side of the water, his lectures embodied principles, the application of which to passing events was very marked and had greater weight because of their broad and non-partisan character. In his address "Knowing and Serving Your Community" Dr. Palmer mentioned as a concrete example the fact that it is due to the efforts of a former Pomona College student that the social service clubs of the Southern Pacific Railroad have been established to take the place of saloons in the stations.

And speaking of social service, the part that Pomona students are playing in the work of the world at large emphasizes her ideals of Christian citizenship and service for others. Another of her alumni has answered the call and this week Howard G. Bissell, a graduate of 1908, son of Prof. A. D. Bissell, sails from New York to engage in volunteer relief work in Belgium. He will probably be associated with Prof. Frank P. Brackett of Pomona who was appointed last June for six months' administrative service in Belgium. Young Bissell has studied in Germany and is an accomplished linguist. He passed the examination in French before the Belgian consul in Los Angeles and was formally accepted by the committee.

Another Pomona College man who is doing valiant work in Europe is Alfred M. Bruce who was instructor in English and debating coach at the college five years ago. He is now working with the American Ambulance Field Service in France.

College Quarterly Issued.

The Pomona College Quarterly just out is a number of exceptional interest. One of the leading articles is a wonderfully comprehensive character sketch and review of the readings of Sir Rabindranath Tagore by Professor Phebe E. Spalding, which was given as the initial feature of the newly organized Pomona College Music and Lecture Course last month. Her comments on the personality of the Indian poet, the expectations of the great audience that filled Bridges Hall to listen to him and the effect produced, together with her clever delineation of his right and rank as a poet make an article of exceeding interest. Another article of gripping character is that by Miss Nina Rice in her wonderfully vivid and graphic story of some of the individ-

ual members of that glorious company of Armenian students who went out from the college in Sivas to deportation or certain death. The magazine contains beautiful tributes to the memory of the late Albert John Cook a pioneer member of the college faculty by President Blaisdell and Professor Colcord.

A recent social event in college circles of particular interest was the faculty reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Goff at the Claremont Inn in honor of President Blaisdell's return after his extended visit East. Judge Neely, who has also recently returned from a prolonged sojourn beyond the Rockies, made a welcoming address to the President on behalf of the faculty and Dean Norton acted as master of ceremonies.

Dr. F. H. Blackburn, profess or Anglo Saxon Poetry and old English literature at the University of Chicago has been a visitor at the college recently and gave a very interesting lecture in Bridges Hall. Another distinguished visitor was William Poel of London, founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society in England. His lecture on "The Drama" aroused increased interest in this department at Pomona of which Reginald Pole, nephew of the famous English play producer, is in charge. By means of a series of very rare and authentic lantern slides the lecturer illustrated the historical development of the drama from the early days of the elevated Greek tragedy to our own time of the so-called "realistic" production. Mr. Poel deplored the vast scenic effects, the maze of superfluous drops, curtains, scene shiftings and sensations of the present day as compared with the noble, dignified and unadorned structure of ancient Greece. He spoke with particular emphasis of the time and works of Shakespeare and the effective production of his plays on the simple, unadorned stage rather than on that of the most modern theater. Whether it is the influence of Mr. Poel's address that is accountable for the change in substituting "King John" for the initial performance at the Greek Theatre next month for "Electra" I am not able to say but, at any rate, the change has been decided upon. SYDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, Nov. 24th.

DR. HORACE PORTER RESIGNS AT RIVERSIDE.

Rev. Horace Porter, D. D., read his resignation as pastor of the First Congregational Church, Riverside, last Thursday, Nov. 23, to take effect at Easter. During Dr. Porter's pastorate of seven years his people have erected a church of cathedral proportions and beauty. The pastorate has been marked by wise and courageous leadership, by a vibrant pulpit utterance, and by appreciation of the modern movements in education and social outreach.

Last Thursday's meeting attended by the hundred, was called for fellowship, efficiency, and setting up the every member canvass, like others held simultaneously throughout the Conference during the week. It was Dr. Porter's judgment that his resignation should be known and reckoned with in the plans for the future. Surprised as they were and conscious of the difficulties impending when they shall be without a pastor, the church members expressed their purpose in the voice of the chairman of the trustees, who summoned them all with hearty loyalty to meet the situtation. The determination of Dr. Porter will bring regret to many to whom his pastoral counsel and word in season have been of unforgetable helpfulness. Dr. Porter has no plans for the future. Should he move from the Southern California Conference it will bring his brethren a sense of distinct impoverishment, for among them he has been a very apostle of brotherliness and good cheer.

M. B. F.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Robert Walker is living in Mill Valley now and will be glad to act as pulpit supply for churches needing such service.

The San Jose Mercury Herald announced last Sunday the return to Saratoga of the Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Sidney Williams, with the added statement that they are back in California to remain. Mr. Williams says that he loves Saratoga as he loves no other town except his old college town—Oberlin.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch will speak. He has been asked to give the Thanksgiving sermon which he gives this week at the Union Thanksgiving service of the First Church and the Congregation of Temple Emanu El.

The next meeting of the Bay Association will be with Park Church, Berkeley, on the 12th of December. The evening meeting will be given to the Congregational Club. Dinner will be served at 6:30 for fifty cents a plate. Members of club and Association delegates and ministers expecting to be in attendance are requested to inform the Rev. Huber Burr, 1811 Fairview street, Berkeley, not later than Saturday, December 9.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith and Mrs. Meredith left San Francisco for their home at Pasadena Monday of this week. The calendar of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco contained this note last Sunday: "This church will always cherish the memories of the days that Dr. and Mrs. Meredith have been with us. The message they leave with us will be an inspiration to this membership for years to come. Out of an experience of years of fellowship with our Lord there has come to us from this great greacher a greater realization of the mission of the Church and its ministrations to the spiritual needs of our common humanity. Dr. and Mrs. Meredith take with them our love and our most tender wishes that long life and happiness shall be added unto them."

UPPER BAY FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

Upper Bay Association had two Fellowship Efficiency "Teams," only one of which however was able to carry out the plan as scheduled, as Byron, Suisun, Rio Vista and Clayton all wrote saying "local conditions practically preclude our joining in these meetings greatly to our regret." Benicia, Crockett, Bay Point, Martinez, Pittsburg and Antioch all held the services, and each church was greatly helped. The plan at each place was somewhat different, as controlled by local coiditions. The afternoon discussions were especially helpful when held. The "Fellowship Luncheons" were delightful, some of the churches combined the discussions with the luncheons very satisfactorily indeed. Mr. Atkinson, our newest man on the field, said he regarded himself as especially fortunate, as these meetings gave him an opportunity to visit so many of our churches so soon after coming to Martinez. In the past two weeks visiting five of our churches—besides his own—and speaking 14 times! At Antioch, Rev. A. B. Roberts took the visiting ministers through the paper mill, and the "team" at Crocket had the pleasure of inspecting the great "C. & H." Sugar Refinery, thereby storing up many illustrations for future sermons. We are sure that all the churches where the meetings were held, are most heartily in favor of the plan, and are strong for it again.

SANTA CRUZ.

The Sunday school held a Harvest Home festival Sunday morning. In the procession, preceded by the vested choir, each pupil carried an offering of groceries. The gifts totaled between 40 and 50 pounds of staple provisions. It will be distributed by the deaconesses before Thanksgiving to the needy.

On Sunday evening, November 19th., the school was in charge of the service. All the parts of the service were by members and a girls chorus furnished the msuic.

The pastor gave an illustrated talk on the medical work of the American Board.

Envelopes will be given next Sunday as the school is to give the Christmas program as arranged by the American Board.

The pastor announced Sunday that he would probably remain until the middle of January with the church which refused to accept his resignation. He has received several calls to work in different parts of the country.

SUSAN L. LOCKE.

Mrs. Susan L. Locke, a greatly beloved California Congregationalist, passed into the other life from her home in Oakland on the 21st of November 1916. Born in North Abingdon, Massachussettts, on the 13th of January, 1839, she came to California in 1857, going at once to Lockeford where her sister Mrs. Delia M. Locke was residing. She taught school there for two years, and was united in marriage with George S. Locke on the 15th of May, 1859. Establishing a home near Lockford they lived together there for 36 years. After Mr. Locke's death in 1895 Mrs. Locke remained at the old home five years more and then came to San Francisco—and in 1901 to Oakland. Ten children were born in the Lockeford home, five of whom are living yet.

The Congregational church at Lockeford and Pilgrim Church, Oakland, will remember long time her deep interest and helpfulness. But her interest and helpfulness went out far beyond the Church. Everything that was for the good and uplift of mankind concerned her.

Among the causes to which she was devoted was that of temperance. The last place to which she went from her home was to the polls on election day, and early too, eager to cast her ballot for the prohibition amendments. It was not an easy task, but her remark on returning home was: "You see, the Lord helped us! He's always good!"

The Girls' Training Home in Alameda had a large place in her heart, and to it she left a legacy of $1.000. Similar amounts were bequeathed to the church at Lockeford and to the Northern California Sunday-School Association.

AFTERWARDS.

There was a day when death to me meant tears
And tearful takings-leave that had to be,
And awed embarkings on an unshored sea,
And sudden disarrangement of the years.
But now I know that nothing interferes
With the fixed forces when a tired man dies;
That death is only answerings and replies,
The chiming of a bell which no one hears,
The casual slanting of a half-spent sun,
The soft recessional of noise and coil,
The coveted something time nor age can spoil;
I know it is a fabric finely spun
Between the stars and dark; to seize and keep,
Such glad romances as we read in sleep.

—Mahlon L. Fisher.

FIRST CHURCH, TACOMA.

An interesting year is well under way in First Church, Tacoma. Dr. Dyer is preaching a series of twelve Sunday morning sermons on "Can a Modern Man Believe the Old-Fashioned Doctrines?" The titles are as follows: Does Evolution Eliminate God? The Case for the Bible; The Total Depravity of Human Nature; The Virgin Birth; Was Jesus God? The So-called Second Coming and the End of the World; The Doctrine of Salvation; What about the Devil? The Old-Fashioned Heaven; The Old-Fashioned Hell; The Resurrection—Is It of Our Bodies? What, then, is Religion? These sermons are being very helpful to many people who are glad to be shown a reasonable and sane foundation for their religious faith. The little announcement card on which these sermon topics are printed says they are "for men and women who are willing to think."

On each Sunday after the morning service, Dr. Dyer conducts a thirty-minute discussion class. Sir Oliver Lodge's "Substance of Faith" has just been finished and is to be followed by a supplementary discussion of his "Reason and Belief." This will be followed by a study of "The Principles of Jesus" by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch. This class too is for those who "are willing to think," and has been much appreciated.

Early last summer, a committee composed of Messrs. W. C. Wheeler, W. W. Parker, C. D. Savery, W. W. Seymour and E. G. Griggs, was appointed to consider the best form of Sunday evening services for the winter 1916-17. Early in the fall they brought in a report recommending what is known as the "Open Forum" plan, originated in Boston some years ago by Mr. Geo. W. Coleman, and adopted since by many churches in different parts of the country. The committee found encouragement in the fact that the plan was to be used this winter for the second season by Dr. Turk's church in Kansas City. First church accepted the committee's report and the plan was put in operation the first Sunday in October and has been a success from the first. In a general way the services are conducted as follows: Different speakers are chosen for each Sunday who are competent to discuss some question of large practical value, the members of the Forum themselves continuing the discussion from the floor. Through music and prayer and in the spirit of the Forum the religious atmosphere prevails. There is large latitude in the things discussed. The music is supplied by the chorus and quartette under the direction of Mr. Frederick W. Wallis. The expenses are met by the offerings at the services, and all the affairs of the Forum are under the direction of an organization called "The Men's Forum Club." The pastor always acts as chairman. For October and November the program has included Dr. David Starr Jordan, Fire Marshal Stevens of Portland, Oregon, Mayor Gill of Seattle, Dr. Roy Bergen Guild, Dr. Loyal Lincoln Wirt, Professor M. J. Fenenga of Forest Grove, and Prof. J. Allen Smith of the University of Washington. The church has been filled at nearly every service and the topics discussed have been felt to be distinctly worth while.

On Thursday nights—and Thursday night is "church night" at Tacoma First, a most valuable program is being carried out. After a 6 o'clock dinner for those who have not time to go home after business hours, a half hour is allowed for committee meetings. At seven o'clock Mrs. C. K. Staudt is giving a forty-five minute course of lectures on the Prophets—taking each one up with relation to (1) His Faithfulness and Fruitfulness as a teacher sent from God, (2) What He himself learned from God, and what he taught his own age and (3) What through it he has contributed to man's increasing knowledge and consciousness of God.

Mrs. Staudt received her training under Dr. Wm. R. Harper in the University of Chicago. She is accurate and conscientious and a most enthusiastic and inspiring speaker. The opportunity of hearing these lectures is one to be prized.

Following the lecture, at 7:45 comes the regular midweek service. After a season of prayer the following program is carried out each week:

Topic 1. An important item of Congregational church news, or some significant event in the religious world, whether of one denomination or another, home or foreign. Time limit, ten minutes. Leader to be chosen.

Topic 2. A helpful quotation of poetry or prose, or a book or magazine review, or a notable achievement in music or art, in industry, or discovery, in social settlement or uplift work, or in any other line of worthy endeavor, which helps the race onward, and upward. Time limit, ten minutes. Leader to be chosen.

Topic 3. The chapter summary study of the Bible, beginning with the book of Acts. 1. Principal Persons; 2. Principal Subject; 3. Leading Lesson. 4. Best Verse. Time limit, fifteen minutes. Leader, The Pastor.

On the occasion of a recent visit to Tacoma one of the National Secretaries said to a member of First church, "You are having a great year." We believe that we are.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

The Congregational ministers of Spokane, and a few laymen, met last Monday morning to consider what could be done to plan aggressive evangelistic efforts during the winter. A feeling prevails that a union effort is necessary to begin no later than the week of prayer. To engage an evangelist for several months is under consideration, and a special committee has been appointed to decide on the matter.

Several "Efficiency meetings" have been held during last week and this. The writer found himself alone to aid the pastor at St. John. But he found brother Munton a host in himself and the meetings proved helpful. This week meetings have been held at Pleasant Prairie and Vera. Revs. A. L. Baldwin, J. W. Skerry, and the writer visited the former place and spoke to a good and attentive audience. At the latter place Revs. Baldwin, Dalzell, Dole, and Mr. C. C. McEachran, participated in the two sessions, as well as giving spicy talks at the banquet. The people were especially interested and good results will surely follow.

It it gratifying to be able to report that the church at Sprague, has been revived through the instrumentality of Rev. W. W. Cochrane, formerly a Sunday school worker under the auspices of the Baptist Publishing Society. He has proved himself to be the right man in the right place, and the people are rallying around him nicely, and everything looks promising.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur, has been called to the federated church of Bonners Ferry, and has began work with encouraging prospects.

Plymouth Church of this city has shown its appreciation of Rev. P. A. Bauer, who has served as pastor for about six months, by voting last Sunday morning to advance his salary $25 a month. There are evidences of increased interest in all departments of the church. The Sunday school has about doubled its enrollment, the services are well attended, and about fifty have been added to the church on confession of faith. A special feature is the work among the boys on the line of the "Boys Scouts."

Mr. Bauer gave a lecture at the church last week on "Three Years Behind the Prison Bars," which the writer had the pleasure of hearing. It gave the speaker's experience as chaplain of the Oregon Penitentiary, and was both entertaining and instructive.

The news comes from the former pastor of Plymouth Church, Rev. Dr. Brown, now at Tecumseh, Neb., that a fine boy has come to the home, and friends are pleased to know that mother and child are doing well.

Spokane, Wash. J. EDWARDS.

For The Children.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

The Wood Thrush said to the Oriole:
"What a pretty place for a nest
On top of that limb; of all the sites
I think it is far the best."

"Oh, no, no, no," said the Oriole,
"Not on that stiff, awkward thing;
I like the little boughs farther out
Where my nest can have a swing."

And then the Pewee spoke up and said:
"Unto me now it would seem,
The choicest place in the world to build
Is in the barn on a beam."

Just then Miss Bluebird came flying up
And said from her very soul:
"The only place for a homelike nest
Is up somewhere in a hole."
—J. P. Campbell in "Our Dumb Animals."

IN THE PANTRY.

Johnny Wright was in the big pantry behind the stairs, eating a saucer of plum jam which Nora had left there for him. Ellis saw him there and, partly because he thought Johnny had no business to be eating the jam and partly because he was far too fond of teasing his small brother, he softly shut the door and slid the stout, old-fashioned iron bolt into place so noiselessly that Johnny never knew he was locked in until he had swallowed his last spoonful and tried to get out.

Ellis went off laughing. He meant to let Johnny out in about a quarter of an hour; but Stan Herbert from across the way called to him to go over and help him develop some photographs he had taken, and Ellis forgot all about the small boy bolted in the pantry. Goodness only knows how long Johnny would have had to stay there—for the only window in the pantry was a tiny one high up near the ceiling—had not Mamma Wright come home sooner than she expected and, hearing a rumpus in the pantry, let the prisoner out.

Johnny was very cross and I can hardly blame him. It is not good for the temper to be locked into a hot pantry on a hot day when you are only eating the jam you were told you could eat. Johnny had been in the pantry only half an hour, but he was convinced that he had been there "for ages," and he had been there long enough to miss what he called "a very 'portant' gagement."

He had promised to meet Elmer Herbert and Willie Grig-

son in the park at two o'clock. Willie's uncle was going to take them bathing. The time was long past, and of course they were gone and Johnny had no idea where to look for them, even if mamma had been willing to let him start off alone.

Johnny grimly resolved that he would "pay Eills back." This was very wrong in Johnny, of course, but then you know even small, nine-year-old boys are human when they have missed a very 'portant 'gagement. Besides, Johnny had already endured a good deal at Ellis's hands.

He brooded over his wrongs all day and went to bed still full of resentment. Ellis was not coming in until late. He had gone over to Westmouth to attend a baseball practice with the Westmouth nine.

About eleven o'clock Johnny woke up with a jump. He heard a noise below and knew that Ellis had returned. The noise was in the pantry. The remembrance of his wrongs rushed over our small boy's soul. He crept out to the landing and peered through the banisters to the moonlit hall below. The house was so still that Johnny felt creepy, and the pantry door was shut, but he knew Ellis was inside getting a snack before coming to bed.

Johnny made up his mind what he would do. He softly crept down the stairs, a little, white-clad figure. The stairs creaked until Johnny thought every soul in the house would be rushing out to see what the noise was about. That is a habit stairs have at night, you know.

But Johnny got down without disturbing any one. Noiselessly he crept along the hall. He had not stalked Indians with Willie and Elmer times out of mind for nothing.

Outside the pantry door he halted. He could hear Ellis moving about inside and softly rattling the dishes. Johnny shot the bolt noiselessy into place and then crept back upstairs with a chuckle.

"We'll see how Master Ellis likes being locked in the pantry for hours at a stretch himself," said Johnny vindictively, as he shut the door tight and scrambled into bed. "If he makes ever so much noise nobody'll hear him. Father and mother's room is too far away and Nora sleeps like the dead. I've heard her say so."

He shut his eyes tight and resolved to go right to sleep. Then Johnny's conscience began to trouble him. He had never known he had a conscience before; and he didn't know now what it was. But he felt uncomfortable. Something worried him. He tried to think of all the tricks Ellis had played on him, but could only remember all the nice things that Ellis had done for him. He thought of the day he had cut his foot and couldn't go to the picnic and Ellis had stayed home, too, and read to him and made taffy for him.

Johnny rolled over on his pillow and groaned. If this was revenge he didn't see anything very sweet about it. He would count a thousand and see if that would put him to sleep. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven— Johnny sat up in bed suddenly. He was going down to let Ellis out.

Just then the door opened and Ellis, lamp in hand, walked unconcernedly in.

"O, so you got out yourself?" said Johnny.

"Hello, youngster, aren't you sleep yet?" said Ellis patronizingly.

"How did you do it," persisted Johnny.

"Do what, kid?"

"Why, get out of the pantry. I bolted you in—and I was just starting down to let you out. I don't know how you ever managed to open it yourself. I'm sure I bolted it good and tight."

"You've been dreaming, Johnny-kid. That's what's the matter. I wasn't near the pantry tonight. Didn't need to be. Ted Stavert's mother over at Westmouth gave us a dandy lunch. Ice cream and"—

"I wasn't dreaming," said Johnny stubbornly. "I tell you I heard some one in the pantry and I went down and locked the door to pay you out for locking it on me. If it wasn't you, who was it?"

Ellis looked puzzled. Johnny certainly seemed to be wide-awake and in earnest. But if his story were correct, who or what was in the pantry?

Suddenly Ellis thought of a burglary that had been committed on their very street two weeks ago. A house had been entered and a good deal of plate stolen. The police had been unable to capture the thief or recover the booty. Ellis thought of all the silver in the pantry drawers and of Grandma Wright's spoons.

"You stay here, Johnny," he said. "I'm going to wake father up."

Mr. Wright listened to Ellis's story in amazement. Johnny was brought out into the hall and stoutly maintained his story under much cross-questioning. Finally Mr. Wright telephoned to the police station. Two men came down and they opened the pantry door.

There was a burglar and they captured him and took him off to the police station, having first relieved him of the Wright silver. He was a young fellow and semed too frightened and bewildered to resist. The booty he had carried off in his former raid was found and restored to its owner later on.

Johnny Wright was the hero of the town for nine days. He did not enjoy it; somehow, Johnny had very little to say about his exploit. Although it had turned out well he was ashamed of it. Mamma Wright had talked a little talk to him about giving way to revengeful feelings. She said the fact that it had all turned out so fortunately was no excuse for the motive. Johnny hung his head and promised that he would never again try to pay people out.

Ellis got his talking to from his father. I do not know just what Mr. Wright said to him, but I know that Ellis never played any more tricks on his small brother. He went from his conference with his father straight to Johnny.

"Look here, sonny," he said manfully, "I'm sorry for locking you into the pantry and putting ice down your back and knocking over your Indian ambush and hiding your air gun and all the rest. Forgive your penitent brother and he'll let you alone after this."

"G' way with you," said Johnny, very red in the face.

But he told Elmer and Willie that afternoon that Ellis was a splendid brother and he meant to be just like him when he got big.—L. M. Montgomery.

AT SEA.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land
  Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
  Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars, by which the sailors steer,
  Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward nought but clouds appear,
  Behind they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
  To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?

Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west,
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, is our life's best!
—F. W. Bourdillon.

THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

"But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."—(Deut. xxx, 14.)

Say not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, or far remov'd;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and lov'd.

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth;
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win;
At home! at home!
That word is plac'd, thy mouth, thy heart within.

Oh! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfill.
—Bernard Barton (From Devotional Verses, 1826).

Every tongue that speaks but Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—Shakespeare.

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